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leaves laid on the floor of the house. Dry, pulverized leaves (*maniva*) of a certain kind of manioc are sprinkled on this dough, and banana leaves are placed on top. After two or three days, when the dough is uncovered, it is crusted over with a thick layer of white mould, in which may be seen the contours of the maniva leaves. The dough, which by now has a strong, sweet taste, is cut into strips and placed in a jar, where, little by little, it exudes a liquid that in color and taste somewhat resembles a bad port wine. In time this liquor becomes harsh, corrosive, and strongly intoxicating. At feasts it is served only in individual, small, long gourds and, since the available quantity is generally not great, only to persons of a certain distinction.

To prepare paiauarú proper, the women lift the dough from its storage place in the jar and, mixing it with water, strain it into another jar, from which it is dipped in gourds to serve the guests.

The preparation of beverages is an exclusively feminine task. Care is taken to prohibit a pregnant women from taking part, since her participation would ruin the product.

No one serves himself with his own hands except the women in charge of the jars. At all the celebrations there is a "server"—generally the uncle of the child or girl who is being feted or even a closer relative—whose function is to serve the full gourds to the guests, one by one, when they are seated, or to wait on them if while dancing they pass in front of the jars, thereby indicating their desire to drink. The supply of water for filtering drinks is also entrusted to the server.

To me paiauarú has a disagreeable taste of fermentation and rot, the fibers contained in it making it even more disgusting. The Indians, however, drink it with enormous satisfaction. Becoming drunk, as often happens, they vomit, wash the mouth with water, and continue to swill. If the beverage is to be kept in a "new" jar, used for the first time, they take care to call in the shaman, *pagé*, to remove with gestures any invisible substance that might blind those drinking from the container.

Besides these three beverages, there are still other fermented drinks, which are, however, rarely prepared, such as dëdne-ë['], from cane (dë'dne) juice boiled and fermented in a jar; ʊi'-ë['], a sort of chicha made from yam tubers; a drink made of crushed pineapple, which after two days in the jar becomes potent but is also taken unfermented as a refreshment; and another drink, pururu'ka, made from boiled and fermented bananas.

Many of the men are today greatly addicted to cane rum, *cazaça*, which they purchase or receive as "treats" in the Neobrazilian establishments. One of the axioms against which no one on the Solimões will argue is: "Sem caxaça o indio naõ trabalha" ("Without rum the Indian won't work"). The worst influence is naturally exercised by the sugar-cane establishments that have rum stills and where the work is done almost exclusively by Indians. Some owners purposely get the Indians drunk in order to facilitate their exploitation.

In Belém I saw the cashier of one place, an incorrigible sot, ply women and girls with rum merely because it gave him pleasure to seem them blind drunk. The itinerant peddlers, too, in order to persuade Indians for their own purposes, habitually initiate the haggling with a glass of rum. On the other hand, neither

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123 the botanist Ricardo Fróes (who was with the Tukuna in 1941 at the same time I was)" nor I ever gave rum to the Tukuna, yet they never failed us in the innumerable times we put our trust in them. We paid them promptly and properly for services rendered, thus gaining the enmity of the patrões and traders, who thought that we were undermining their interests by "leading the Indians into bad habits."

[114] " Ricardo de Lemos Fróes, botanist also of the expedition to the upper Rio Negro country in 1945, directed by Paulo Berto Camargo, under the auspices of the Instituto Agronômico do Norte, Belém do Pará.—Trans.

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VI. CHARACTER AND SOCIAL LIFE

181 AT FIRST SIGHT the Tukuna appear to be a very peaceful, industrious, and good-
114 tempered folk. Some writers, however, accuse them of laziness, the foremost of these being Ribeiro de Sampaio, who opens his description of the tribe in 1774 with the sentence: "São os Tecunas de hum natural preguiçozissimo" ("The Tukuna are of a most indolent temperament").[1] Martius speaks of their "indolence and innate intemperance."[2] Bates calls them "much more idle and debauched than the other Indians belonging to superior tribes,"[3] and on the following page he observes: "I found them a harmless, good-natured people." Orton repeats this judgment almost to the letter: "good-natured and ingenious . . . but they are idle and debauched."[4]

Herndon calls his Tukuna paddlers "even more lazy and careless than the Sarayaquinos,"[5] but he later reflects: "Poor fellows! They have been abused and maltreated so long that they are now insensible even to kindness." And again, "The Ticunas that I had with me, however, were far the laziest and most worthless people that I had hitherto had anything to do with."[6] But again this author remarks: "I believe that this [i.e., worthlessness] is not a characteristic of the tribe, for they seemed well enough under Father Flores at Caballococha, and they have generally a rather good reputation among the whites on the river. I imagine that the proximity of the garrison at Tabatinga has not a good effect upon their manners and morals."

Barbosa Rodrigues finally declares firmly: "In general they are hard workers and of a peaceful temperament. It is only the civilized white who drives them to it [retaliation] by persecution, rape, robbery or by maltreatment, since these qualities cannot be denied them in their wild state."

181 The fact is, that even today one encounters the most contradictory opinions of
648 the Tukuna character, each opinion depending largely on the observer's own attitude toward the people. Until about thirty years ago, when rubber was fetching fabulous sums, the Tukuna were brutally tyrannized by their civilized masters, who usurped all of their lands and treated the Indians practically as slaves. . . today there are in the region a few die-hards of this class of domineering squirearchs who arrogate to themselves the trusteeship of the Indians, as though it were their primordial right—indeed, almost duty—as self-appointed civilized persons. Now, however, their power is fast declining, and the Tukuna who recognize this are labeled "rebels," "insubordinate," and "loafers," because they refuse to work any longer under the old conditions; "thieves," because they feel that, even though they steal as much as possible from the Neobrazilians, they cannot possibly steal as much as the Neobrazilians have stolen from them; and "treacherous," because they will not suffer outrages and violences without retaliation.

123 I lived absolutely alone among the Tukuna for many months, and from the be-
181 ginning I always felt completely at ease among them. Even before I became inti-

[1] Ribeiro de Sampaio, Diario da viagem ... 1774 e 1775, § 212.
[2] Martius, 1:443.
[3] Bates, 2:401.
[4] Orton, p. 320.
[5] Herndon and Gibbon, 1:247.
[6] *Ibid.*, p. 252.

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mate with them I was always treated courteously. For my canoe they offered more paddlers than I needed. I used to leave my trunks open when I temporarily left the house where I was a guest, the baggage containing articles coveted by the Indians. They would rummage through my gear to the very bottom and knew better than I what each piece contained, but during all this long period of living among them, they robbed me of—two cigarettes! This was the experience likewise of the botanist Ricardo Fróes, who, as has been said, also lived among them in various localities for several months in 1941.

There are, therefore, certain persons toward whom the Tukuna feel a moral obligation, but for this they must be convinced that the person with whom they are dealing is incapable of lying to them or exploiting them, a conviction which presupposes, on the part of the strangers, a frank and friendly attitude toward the native culture.

However, with their own tribesmen they do not always consider similar conduct absolutely obligatory, so that one finds examples of notorious hostility, ill will, and even dishonesty. The Tukuna were exemplary in their honesty with Ricardo Fróes and myself, but I was present once at a feast when an Indian ripped open with his knife another man's sack of clothes, deliberately stealing them; and there are other confirmed thefts from houses during the Indian owners' absence.

Actually, under normal conditions the Tukuna are calm and pacific, but some of them become insolent and dangerous when drunk. Frequently, at their drinking bouts at least one major quarrel occurs, and often there are injuries and fatalities. At first I took these scenes only for the end products of old hatreds and resentments, thinking that all these offenses and crimes had some serious motive, more or less unknown, which the Indians concealed. But I was finally convinced that this was not so. The Indians describe these affairs without constraint and in detail, but when one inquires the reason for the disorder, "They fight because they want to" is the only explanation that one obtains, or "So-and-so always fights when he is drunk"; the event is thus sufficiently explained.

Strangely enough, a quarrel of this sort never broke out in my presence, though I attended a good number of their drinking bouts. On one occasion an Indian armed himself with a machete to attack another, but my fixing my eyes upon him with the natural interest that the situation deserved was enough to make him pass the weapon to the other and draw off. Accordingly, I believe that if at these affairs a person were present who exercised some moral authority, all such quarrels could be nipped in the bud. The trouble is, that among all these Tukuna there is apparently no one whose authority they will recognize. Their individualism, concretely expressed in their habit of living in isolated houses, and in the absence of any bond except the blood tie, will not tolerate the intervention of a chief in their outbursts of anger or in their personal problems.

I know of no other tribe in which one may observe such sudden transports of fury and examples of lack of self-control as occur now and then among the Tukuna. From childhood they differ from other Indians in this respect. They quarrel like civilized children, and in their houses I have heard almost as much bellowing from enraged youngsters as in Neobrazilian homes. I have observed little brothers, in childish pranks, chasing each other with a machete or a firebrand. One day a little

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754 682 Threatened with death, he fled to the Rio Jacurapá, a tributary on the left bank of the Içá. At the Igarapé da Rita, when I arrived there in May, 1942, they had accused him of having caused the death of the wife of an Indian named Hippolyto čɛ̃'rɛ̃kɨ, nephew of Nino çvɛ̃nɨ'kɨ; the death of another Indian's wife; the grave illness of the wife of Sebastião, Nino's brother; and finally, the illness of Hippolyto himself.

123 754 682 I encountered Hippolyto in a condition already quite serious, treated him with medicines and an adequate diet during my entire first stay in the igarapé, visited him daily, and finally effected a cure. A day later, however, he again awoke suddenly in a desperate state. As soon as he recovered his speech he told us that during the night he had seen the soul of the warlock u'iru climbing up the door of the house, armed with a club with which to kill him. In fact, u'iru struck him many blows on the head, knocking him off the platform on which he slept. While Hippolyto still lay struggling on the floor, his little boys ran to call relatives who lived close by, Sebastião and Nino. These immediately ran to Hippolyto's aid and found him stretched out senseless on the floor. However, he recovered rapidly, especially [755] after the intervention of the shaman Benedicto, to whom I myself paid a knife, a handful of cheap glass beads, and a piece of tobacco to make him treat the case, seeing that what Hippolyto needed most was spiritual medicine in accordance with his mentality. That is how I left him when I moved from Igarapé da Rita to Igarapé de São Jeronymo on the twenty-second of May. On the fifth of June, Christovão e'kɨrakɨ, another brother of Nino and uncle of Hippolyto, while fishing in the Rio Solimões suddenly espied u'iru and his family descending the river below toward the Jacurapá, and advised his kinfolk immediately. Hippolyto then decided that the hour of vengeance was at hand, in which decision he was supported by his uncles Nino and Christovão. With all speed the three pursued u'iru in two canoes. They caught up with him in the middle of the Solimões, overpowered him, bound him hand and foot, and threw him into the river. They struck the oldest child, some three or four years old, with their paddles, also throwing it into the water. The youngest child was torn from its mother's arms and was also drowned. They struck the woman several times and tossed her into the river, too, but Christovão pulled her into his canoe and thus saved her life. The kinsmen of Hippolyto had deliberately carried out the slaughter of the sorcerer without spilling blood, [783] for the spilling of blood would have greatly complicated the subsequent purification rite.

The three slayers returned immediately to their houses, which were situated a short distance from one another on the Igarapé da Rita. Shortly before arriving at Christovão's home they landed the woman at the door of Custodio, a friendly, hard-working old Indian with a large family, who was the father-in-law of Christovão and Nino. This woman succeeded in so frightening old Custodio, lest Hippolyto and his uncles attack and destroy him and his household, that from one hour to the next he decided to flee with his entire family, very much against the wishes of his adult son, who had a good plantation at his place and all the necessary material ready for a new house. But they did leave, taking with them u'iru's widow, and sought refuge among a group of Tukuna inhabiting a tributary on the left bank of the lower Rio Jandiatuba.

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754 682 including the slayers, who had arrived that morning, horribly painted with black from head to foot. The atmosphere was rather anxious, and their satisfaction at seeing me so unexpectedly was obvious, especially on Nino's part; if I had not come, they would have searched for me the following day at Igarapé de São Jeronymo, where I made my headquarters. Calmly and clearly Nino told me what had happened: "We had to do it. But now that it is done I don't want to fool with anyone else, just live in peace," he said. But naturally the case was not closed.

The civilised authorities, though aware of what had happened, made no move, but a brother of the dead man, informed by another relative, came from the outskirts of Belém with his three grown sons in pursuit of the slayers. Strangely enough, the party first came ashore at the place of another brother of Nino and Christovão who lived by himself on the banks of the Solimões, and he immediately sent to warn his kinsman. It is clear that if the sorcerer's brother had come to avenge u'iru's death immediately, he would not have pulled ashore at the house of the murderers' brother.

However, Nino, Christovão, and Hippolyto passed the night together with loaded shotguns and machetes at hand. The night was absolutely dark. About nine o'clock, when I rashly went down to the landing, accompanied by Nino's three sons, we saw slowly approaching from the river a small light, resembling the lighted cigarette of a person silently rowing inshore; it finally stopped. Frightened, the children ran to the house while I went down to the landing, where I discovered that the light was due to a large firefly that had lit on one of the canoes inshore.

I turned back with the insect in my hand, when all the Indians in the house came from all sides to meet me, for they were terrified at my unheard-of audacity. The [774] point was that the arrival of a sorcerer's soul is announced in the dark by a small [293] firefly-like light that emanates from the tucum-nut ring the sorcerer, like most Tukuna, wears on his finger. My attitude in abstaining from all criticism or moral [123] judgment and in accepting the tragedy as a consummated fact visibly cleared the atmosphere and calmed their spirits. When I returned to Igarapé de São Jeronymo on the following day, the situation was almost back to normal.

In fact, until my departure in September nothing untoward occurred. However, I believe that the brother of the murdered u'iru will still try to avenge him at the first opportunity.

Another method of purification.—According to what he himself told me, Calixto 783 daueru'kị, to whom also killers repair for purification, has a method slightly dif- 775 ferent from that of his colleague Geraldo. First he washes the slayer's arms from top to bottom with envira de matamatá. Then he invokes the soul of the slain, by means of a song and tobacco smoke. The dead man's soul, surrounded by the smoke, which it involuntarily swallows, finally crouches down, weak and inoffensive, before the shaman, who covers it with still more smoke and, fanning the smoke, makes the soul disappear. Afterward he paints with genipapo dye only the forearms of the killer. Even with this, however, the dead man's soul is not completely annihilated. Thus, after the death of čʉ'na, a Peruvian sorcerer who had fled to Brazil, where he was killed by pursuers from his own country, his soul "shot" his brother-in-law with "arrows," a fact recognized by the shaman Airú of Ilha dos Guaribas, who succeeded in curing the sufferer.

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ñəra'ne continued to have visions from time to time, almost exclusively of the feasts which ta-na'tị and his companions celebrated at Igarapé ə'varẽ, which were apparently carried out in the fashion of rich *civilizados*, with roasted oxen to eat, and so on. In his visions he also encountered me several times, since I was among ta-na'tị's companions. Since I always treated ñəra'ne kindly, giving him several small presents, he grew greatly attached to me and was unable to conceal his delight in my company, embracing me and following me about wherever I might go. ñəra'ne spoke not a word of Portuguese; he told his revelations preferably to several women and girls related to him, from whom I in turn heard them.

The Tukuna Religion and the Neobrazilians

The Indians will give absolutely no explanation of their religion to the Neobraziliana, especially to the priests. To satisfy importunate interrogators they usually affirm belief in "tupana" (l.g. for "god" or "saint") and fear of the "yurupari'" (l.g. for "devil"), but they reveal nothing about dyəi' or ta-ẽ' or about their animistic beliefs. References in the literature, from Ribeiro de Sampaio in 1884 to Tessmann, are proof of this: there is always apparent the pretense of a belief in Christianity without any basis in fact. The Capuchin missionary Frei Fidelis has for several years been making praiseworthy efforts to learn something of the native religion. Until 1941, at least, he had learned nothing—nor had the Tukuna learned anything from him. They treat him well; they like him for his simple and affable ways but are secretly convinced, in spite of everything, that he can be only an enemy of their religious traditions; hence they continue to pull his leg with yarns of tupa'na and the yurupari'.

To illustrate the extent of Tukuna pretense of Christianity I might mention only that, at a puberty ceremony, I saw on a masquerader, and afterward acquired, a mask of təị' that sported the miter, cross, and reddish beard (imitated by hair of a squirrel's tail) of the prelate of São Paulo de Olivença. I also saw another demon masquerader who brandished as a dance staff a cross that could have come only from some Christian grave.